that his journal had sponsored the meet, and in that way he was barred from the pleasure of participating with the other artists.

Years ago I heard a story about Senator Chilton's fiddling. A long way from Charleston, on Elk River, there lived an old mountaineer who had a recollection of the keen pleasure he had experienced from hearing the Senator play. He looked forward to hearing him again, but the slow years slipped by so fast, that his feet were standing on the brink. But when he heard that the Senator was coming into his county, and he gathered his clan about him and told them that he wanted to hear the Senator play the fiddle once more before he died. His people understood and the Senator was communicated with and accepted the invitation to play. But when he tried to go to the old man's house, Elk river was in flood. There was no boat, and no bridge, and no way to get over. Then the Senator came down to the edge of the river on one side and the old man was brought to the other side, and there across the

S TIMES

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EDITOR.

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I heard a lot of music the other evening at the armory but it was more or less by fits and starts. I had not heard so much that I could not sleep, and so I left before the square dances began but they tell me that there was some dancing before the the night was over. I always thought that I would like to dance if it was permitted, especially with girls. It seems to be a game in which girls add considerable zest and interest. I do not know to this day whether I ever could dance or not. I drifted through some mysterious motions in the square dances of the old days, to the magic of the fiddle. Some captain of the game would call the figures, that is, give the command There was one peculiar form where the dancers faced away from each other, when the captain barked out, "Do si do!" That sentence always bothered me. I wondered what it meant in the original of whatever language it came from. And after many years I got an inkling of it in stud poker poker language. The gentleman of Spanish birth and breeding announced that he had to

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gentleman of Spanish birth and breeding announced that he had to go on: "Aces, do si do." It seems that his first card dealt turned down was an ace and his next card was another ace turned up. Thus he had his aces "back to back," the highest possible hand to go with. Now if that is not what do si do means, find out for yourselves.

Fiddling was not only a question of skill but endurance. A fiddler added greatly to the joys of the young persons, but the amusement was not only frowned upon by the great majority of the best and most powerful persons, but absolutely forbidden the children. Thou shalt not dance, was an added commandment. The way it worked as a rule was that it was thoughtly impressed upon the child say of five or six years of age. He must never dance. That and the alternative of hell-fire took strong hold upon his imagination, and he pursued the noiseless tenor of his way, until he became hazy with youth. Then he would fall and trip the light fantastic toe and find great sport in dodging the lightning that was supposed to strike him down for his disobedience. Then he would marry some fine, mountain girl, and when

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Sinful as it may be, wicked and worldly, and sad beyond conception, it is only honest to say that I wished the other day that I could meet with a couple of dozen other youngsters on a smooth floor, with one of those old fiddlers present, and once more try to shake a foot to the romantic pleadings of a fiddle. But the kids would not stand for it. Grandpa must behave

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The perpetual motion of a good bow arm in the old days, was one of the long distance tests. Along about the sixth hour of the dance, the fiddler would take time out for refreshments. This was about two o'clock in the morning, and the shank of the evening. At this time he would probably get a sureptitious drink or two, and the bucks would make him up his purse. Being thus refreshed, encouraged, aud strengthened he was able to furnish music for the dance until breakfast. Music consisted of

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superfluity. [illegible] that the fiddle music is the affinity of dancing. That king of instruments. the piano, be it played ever so cunningly, could not furnish the wild abandon to a mountain dance. I can remember occasions when the fiddler was absent, that the piano was substituted, and it was like church music and the danced bogged down and quit. But let the fiddle speak and bright eyed beauties respond. There is something haunting and compelling about it. No wonder that the pulpit thundered against the insidious temptations of the devil's own instrument the fiddle, and the innocent young lads and lassies hardly knew what to do, with the fiddle tugging at their heart strings, and duty opposing its dreadful influence.

"By the path the younger son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,
Mid the riot of the shearers in the shed,
In the silence of his quiet camp alone.
In the evening, on a bucket, upside down,
I whisper what the bravest won't

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Mid the riot of the shearers in the shed,
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In the evening, on a bucket, upside down,
I whisper what the bravest won't confess,
I am Music, I am Torment, I am Town,
I am all that ever went with Evening Dress."

It was very hard in the old days to find among the staid householders of the mountains, homes that would countenance the dance. One of the great drawbacks was that it meant an all night affair, and there would

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

be no sleep for anyone in the house. This gave rise to the platform dance. A plank floor was laid in the shade of the trees and there the dances were held, but that had its draw backs. Chaperone it ever so carefully, there remained an outlaw element who would insist on bringing jugs to the picnic, and the surgeon would say it in stitches. The old time doctor sewed some of the finest seams you ever saw as a result of parties of this kind. They say in the city, that certain lawless youths carry something on the hip. Tney ought to have seen the full bellied jug of the old days.

That fiddle music the other night carried me back. The boys and girls were taking it with a rather bored look. But I could see old fellows standing on tip-toes and trying to get a fill of the music, and getting along about as well as if they were eating thin soup with a splinter. I felt like saying to the old boys to yearn no more, for a tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to us.

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Here is one solution of the craze for fiddle music. For something near a hundred years it was the only music known on the Western Waters. It stands to reason that none of the larger instruments could be imported to the log houses of the wilderness. That was to come later. They could not pack them in. The fiddle could come in adding only a few ounces weight, and if one was not brought with the frying pan, the axe, and the auger, and the rifle gun, and the knife, then one could be made out of the native woods without trouble.

There has been much said about the Cremona violins, and the immense price that they bring today.

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There has been much said about the Cremona violins, and the immense price that they bring today. But it takes a more discriminating ear than mine to sense their superiority over the ancient fiddle whittled out with a pocket knife on the head of Bitter Creek. At Cremona in Italy, the fiddles made by some of the neighbors have attained a great reputation, and they are favorite themes for song and story in modern times. At Cremona, the Amati, Stradivari, Guarneri, and Ruggieri families, all fine old Italian hands, could make good fiddles, and they sell at a fortune now. The older the better. They have been at it over three hundred years.

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Fiddler McIlwaine, of Erbacon, in the adjoining county of Webster, went to the contest the other day carrying his precious fiddle. He took a taxicab. Got out of the cab and forgot his fiddle. He discovered his loss and was wild about it. It was a Cremona. A Stradivarius, worth twenty thousand dollars. I know this to be true for I saw it in the paper. He had to play on a borrowed fiddle. After the big show was over, the priceless fiddle was discovered in a pawnshop, where it had been put up for fifty cents by some old timer crazy to get money to attend the fiddler's concert.

I can remember plenty of cases where organs and pianos were carried to people's houses slung on great poles. There is no question about the universal longing for music. With a great mountain people, the

been put up for fifty cents by some old timer crazy to get money to attend the fiddler's concert.

I can remember plenty of cases where organs and pianos were carried to people's houses slung on great poles. There is no question about the universal longing for music. With a great mountain people, the boys and girls born in the mountains, found in the fiddle the highest expression of melody and it had a strange and fascinating effect upon them, which was thoroughly well understood by their spiritual advisers. The Scotch intellect controlled. While it is said that Oliver Cromwell had a fiddler, on investigation, it seems that the facts are these. That once when Oliver Cromwell was at a castle, that in a hidden apartment from which no sound could issue, was a noble fugitive who played tunes on a fiddle unbeknownst to old Ironsides, and after the restoration, he went by the name of Oliver's fiddler.

For more than a hundred years the hardwood forests of the Appalachians guarded by a savage race had stopped the advance of the Christian people. It remained for the Scotch to conquer it and to bring about the

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For more than a hundred years the hardwood forests of the Appalachians guarded by a savage race had stopped the advance of the Christian people. It remained for the Scotch to conquer it and to bring about the formation of a republic.

At that time these immigrants had been raised in a faith that taught that everything that was pleasant was sinful. It was wrong to laugh. It was wrong to write poetry. It was a sin to visit a friend on Sunday. While it was right to bathe, to swim for pleasure was sinful. It was a sin to travel on Sunday, even to cross a river that was rising. It was a sin for a tavern keeper to entertain as a guest a Roman Catholic. It was a sin to shave on Sunday. The list of things that were prohibited includes almost everything that is encouraged now, except possibly that whiskey was classed as a food at that time. And

these laws though not the secular laws of the land were far more binding. The Church took over the control of the country. Organized legislative bodies, later to furnish the initiative in America for the most powerful of all nations. The Church, and I speak of the Presbyterian church. had power of imprisonment, to impose fines, to whip, or to brand with a hot iron. Doing penance before the congregation was one of the usual ways of getting right with the Church.

To even listen to music was prohibited, much less to make music. There could be no music in the churches, and not even at weddings was it permitted. A special act was passed making it an offense punishable with a fine and such further punishment as the session saw fit to have music at weddings. See register of the Presbytery of Glasgow and other records.

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Dancing was especially prohibited and condemned and singers were to be put in prison.

At the same time down about London way, for instance, there was another set that was headed towards Fiddler's Green, a particular enclosure of the Elysian fields, where there is to be perpetual mirth, a fiddle that never ceases to untiring dancers, plenty of grog, and unlimited tobacco. This section assigned especially to sailors.

The only fiddle known in Scotland was the Caledonian Cremona, a name for the itch, so called from the scratching movement evoked.

It was in the plan of life that these two elements were to meet in the New World, and to form a race known as the American, to which we are all proud to belong. We are surely the children of immigrants, though now that the word is ab-

It was in the plan of life that these two elements were to meet in the New World, and to form a race known as the American, to which we are all proud to belong. We are surely the children of immigrants, though now that the word is abhorred.

Then came the fiddle and desire and duty conflicted, but both played their parts. It resulted in a civilization that with all its faults is the best that the world has yet seen.

Gradually the instrumental instruments found their way into the church building, though I do not recall having seen a fiddle in church. And the new fangled dances have dispensed with the fiddle. The hope of the land hug each other to fixed music.

There is a subconsciousness that yields to the sinful fiddle. and that draws us to its wicked strains, while duty points the other way.

The other day in Charleston. the dance had no particular effect upon

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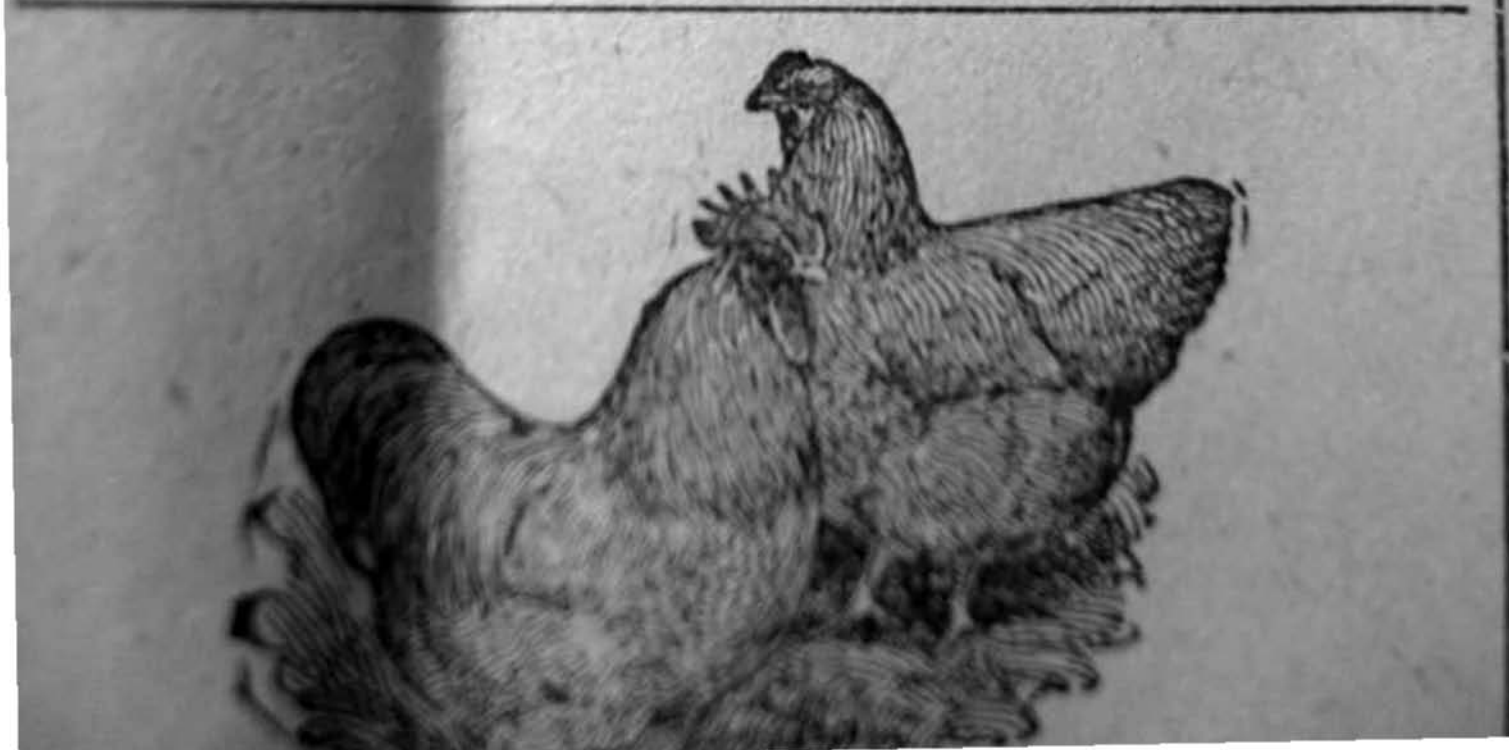
The other day in Charleston, the dance had no particular effect upon the community, other than a slight trembling of the earth.